

The History of

He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
And chid his trewant yoth with such a grace.
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he out liue the enuy of this day
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Coosin I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speede, & fellows, souldiers, friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your bloud vp with perswasion *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a dialles point,
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kinges,
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mess. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,

Hot. I thinke him, that he cuts me from my tale:

For I professe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his best: and here draw I a sword,
Vvhose temper I intend to staine
Vvith the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy, and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

Henrie th

For heauen to earth, some of vs
A second time do such a curtesie

*Here they embrace, the trumpet
power, alarme to the batt
ter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, th
What honour dost thou seeke

Doug. Know then, my nam
And I do haunt thee in the ba
Because some tell me that thou

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Staffor
Thy likenes, for in stead of th
This sword hath ended him, so
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my

Blunt. I was not borne a yee
And thou shalt find a king th
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, Douglass kils Bl

Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou
I neuer had triumpht ouer a S

Doug. Als done, als woun, he

Hot. Where?

Hot. This, Douglass? no, I kn
A gallant knight he was, his na
Semblably furnisht like the ki

Doug. Ah foole, goe with th
A borrowed title hast thou be
Why didst thou tell me, that t

Hot. The king hath many n

Doug. Now by my sword, I
He murder all his wardrope,
Vntill I meete the king.

Our souldiers stand full fairely

Alarme, Enter

Fal. Though I could scape
shot here, her's no scoring bu
sir Walter Blunt, ther's honor

For